

Wednesday, August 27, 1873.

Readers and friends, the Editor of this paper has returned to his post of duty; the chair editorial is now filled by his own proper person, and I, who so lately wielded the sceptre of authority here, must retire and give place to the rightful authority. If I have trod upon anybody's corns, or touched too idly old sores, I regret it, and hope that the offense will be forgotten and forgiven. And O, friend *Chronicle*, I hope that you and I, Pharisee though I be, (I can't get over the "eminent") will yet sit together the same palm out of the same book, in peace and good fellowship together, in a country where there is never any call for pistols and coffee for two.

[EDITOR PRO TEM.]

Yes, we are once more in position, kind reader, and in spite of the pleasure experienced in being again so intimately associated with you, we cannot help feeling a deep regret that the gentleman who has so ably ministered unto you editorially, has now retired to the quiet communings of his home. His is a facile pen, and to write with him was the naturalist thing imaginable, and he honestly confesses and fears, that the chair vacated by him having been so highly honored, so intelligently and well filled, that in its new found pride its venerable arms will not enfold us so lovingly as in the time before. We humbly trust that he will yet give you the benefit of some of his thoughts, and not suffer his light, which so recently illuminated the darkness, to go entirely out. We tender him our sincere acknowledgments for the kindness which prompted him to afford us relief, and our readers so large a share of his experience.

If he has trod upon anybody's corns, it was done innocently, for an honest, kinder gentleman, does not exist, nor one who has a keener appreciation of the amenities of life. If any one's corn has been hurt, and a disposition is manifested to raise a fuss, we beg that our friend be not disturbed, and if there be any consequences, that they be carried elsewhere. Again do we tender him our warmest thanks.

[ED. HERALD.]

The State of Parties in the United States.

Were it not too serious a subject we might be amused at the demoralization that has existed in the Democratic ranks ever since the war, and the perplexity that occupies men's minds as to the causes thereof. New Departures have been sought for, new combinations have been tried, so that headway might be made, if possible, against the power ruling at Washington, and swaying the destinies of the country. Time and again the cry of "Reform" has been raised but in vain. Why is the Democratic party so broken, and why is it no longer an effective working power? And why can it never be again? It seems to us that these questions are not difficult of solution, but that the answers are plain and evident and may be read by all who look with open eyes.

The Democratic party as such no longer exists, it has had no existence since the war and can never raise its head again while the Republic endures. Its platform was utterly demolished, torn into splinters by the shot and shell of the war, and at the close of the war, there was not a piece of plank left in it as broad as your hand.

Was the Union restored or was it reconstructed? The answer to these questions will show you why the so-called Democratic party has been inevitably defeated in every contest of late years. It had and it still has nothing to stand upon, and it never can! Again, New issues and new combinations entirely must be made, and the old party name with its party cries must be dropped or defeat will follow forever. The reason is obvious. The main plank in the Democratic platform, the central one about which all the others clustered, and by which they were firmly held, was the doctrine of State Rights, the Sovereignty and Independence of the States. Now, it follows, that when the States themselves are overthrown; when they cease to be sources of power; when they have become the mere creatures of the power which they, in the beginning, called into existence, the party which was founded upon this Sovereignty ceases also to exist. The Democratic party is that party, and therefore the Democratic party is dead because the Union is dead. For this result we have to thank the Democrats of the North. A war Democrat was to all intents and purposes a Republican, called in old days Federalist. By joining the war against the Seceding States, who contended for the Union as it was at the first, they destroyed the Union and shattered the foundation upon which they had claimed to stand. Since the war confusion has existed in the ranks of the party because they have endeav-

ored to recall a past which cannot be recalled, forgotten of the fact that all things have become new. The Union was reconstructed not restored; a vast and wonderful difference which men have not yet learned to realize. From the beginning there was a conflict between two parties, the Federal or consolidation party, the Democratic, (then called Republican), or State Rights party. That contest culminated at last in the late war, (but even then if the Democrats North had been true to their principles the Union might have been saved.) and at its close the old Federal party was found to be completely triumphant and their shouts of victory were raised over the ruins of the Union. Then followed the work of Reconstruction. The idea of Restoration was scouted by the winning party because they said if we restore the Union we have lost all the fruits of the war, and victory has cost too much to be thus thrown away and abandoned. For the same reason the Republican party triumphed in 1868, and again in 1872, because the success of the so-called Democratic party would have been equivalent to the success of the doctrine of State Rights, the triumph of Secession and the Restoration of the Union to its old foundations once more. So we may well conclude that the old State Rights party, the Democratic party has ceased to exist, and that it can never be revived; and that any resistance to the Supremacy of the Government at Washington, either by the so-called States or by individuals, would be rebellion now whatever it may have been in 1860.

Now, we cannot tell which is best. It may be that the success of the Federal party and the consolidation of the Union, will insure a far greater degree of prosperity and happiness to the people than could otherwise have been. This may be. In God's hands are the issues of all events and actions. We only know that, moved by a sense of duty, we took the side of Secession, and would at any time have cheerfully given our life for the success of that cause which we believed to be right. And often, since the close of the conflict, when we have seen the wrong and misgovernment and corruption with which the land is filled, we have thought and felt that the most pleasant sound we could hear would be the call to arms once more. But doubtless it is best so. Let us do our duty leaving the event with God.

Gold and Gold Hunting.

We have before us, (just received from the publishers, Chicago), the first number of the first volume of the *Journal of the American Bureau of Mines*, a beautifully printed work, which leads us to think of gold and gold digging. Ever since we were a little boy, away back as far as we can remember, we have been familiar with the process of panning for gold. Gold was found, and still may be found, in the sand and gravel in the bed and on the banks of the little stream known as Plum Branch, that ran near the house in which we were born and where we grew up to near manhood's estate. Often have we seen our father and other persons wash gold in a pan, gather up the particles and put them away in a goose quill.

Sometimes, though rarely, specimens were found varying in value from two to thirty or forty dollars. The largest lump we ever saw, it was nearly pure gold, was worth about forty dollars. From time to time efforts were made, but with indifferent success, to mine. Different parties tried it, and though many beautiful specimens were found and occasionally rich veins were opened, yet take it altogether, more money was expended than was made. We never saw Dorn's mine, which was out of the range of our youthful experience, and, indeed, is not in our native county. We could point out to-day several places in which gold may be seen in the flints lying scattered over the old fields. On Persimmon Creek, Big Creek and Little Saluda, Turkey Creek, Mountain Creek, and, indeed, through the whole County of Edgefield, extending from the Saluda to the Savannah River, gold may be washed from the sand by panning. On Mountain Creek, and near it, copper appears, and the gold that is there found is greatly alloyed and is quite copperish in color. The green verdigris may often be distinctly seen in the rocks near Mr. Cook's, on Mountain Creek. Among the best specimens we ever saw were collected in that region, leaving out the lumps mentioned above. One small lump worth about two dollars was picked up many years ago, two miles beyond Higgins', now Kinard's Ferry, near the old Cross Road. The larger lump we have mentioned, was found about twenty miles lower down the country, and some twelve from Saluda. Not a great many years ago a company was formed for the purpose of gold mining on Little Saluda. The company were at considerable expense, but the enter-

prise did not pay, though they found gold. As far as we know nothing has been found in that section of country. Indications of copper appear near Saluda and land once owned by Dr J. C. Ready, we do not know who owns it now. Quite recently, only a few months back, a lump of gold worth about five dollars was picked up on Mr. Werber's plantation on Bush River, in this County. We purpose some day when we have leisure to go out there with Mr. Werber and prospect a little and see if any may be found by panning. We think it exceedingly doubtful whether any can be found by washing, though it would be gratifying to us if our friend could strike the richest sort of a vein, as we know that his great liberality would lead him to share with others.

From the observations of many years we have come to the conclusion that it is more profitable in this section of country, to engage energetically in the cultivation of the soil, and to work it well from six inches to a foot deep, than it is to go deeper. From many things that we have heard we doubt not that Dorn's experience as a gold hunter would furnish a very interesting and instructive chapter.

Those who desire information on the subject of mines and mining would, we think, do well to send for the *Journal*, published by the American Bureau of Mines, and edited by W. C. McCarty, Chicago. \$3.00 per annum.

Abbeville and Edgefield are agitating railroad connections—a narrow gauge from Edgefield to Pine House, on the C. C. & A. R. R., with extension, and also with a view to bring Calhoun's Mill in connection with the Chicago and South Atlantic R. R.

Monday's Meeting.

The first Monday, in September, it will be remembered, was set apart by the Newberry Bar, as a fitting time to meet and pay further tribute to the late Col. Simeon Fair, at which time a memorial and resolutions will be presented. The Bar of Newberry, as well as members of the profession elsewhere, and citizens generally, are invited to attend. The hour of meeting is 12 o'clock.

The end of Captain Jack, Schenck, Black Jim, Boston Charley, Barneo, alias One-eyed Jim, and Stouck, alias Cook, Modoc Indian captives, is rapidly approaching. They have been found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged by the neck until they be dead, at such time and place as the proper authority shall direct—two-thirds of the members of the commission agreeing therein. The President approves these sentences, and orders the execution on the 3d day of October, 1873.

Editorial Correspondence.

MORGANTON, N. C., August 15, 1873. A few days more at Morganton, waiting for letters which did not come to hand, aside from the disappointment, and the hope deferred which maketh the heart sick, have been pleasantly spent. What have become of the letters so anxiously looked for, it were vain to conjecture. It may be that Messrs. McDowell and Johnson, who have been fighting a railroad war, as to possession of the road from Charlotte to Statesville, have one or the other seized the mail bags, as each have on different occasions come into possession of the aforesaid piece of road. Or perhaps they have not yet been written. This is on "the

GREATEST TROUBLES of the traveler. The anxious waiting on dilatory mails, the disappointment on opening, when in answer to the eager inquiry, "Is there a letter now?" the P. M. says, indifferently,

"NO LETTER TO-DAY!"

It is enough to make one swear that the whole "bills" is rotten and sadly in need of reconstruction. Our advice is, that when an exile cannot afford to carry a pocket telegraph line along with him, the best thing he can do is to have a batch of letters written up in advance and take them along. This would save a deal of anxiety. We promised to visit the celebrated Glen Alpin region, at the close of our last letter, and did so, but before touching on that highly interesting point, a line or two more must be devoted to Morganton.

AT THE DEPOT.

between train times, 8 and 10 A. M., one can see something of the South Mountain boys and girls, without climbing a tree, a seat on the platform in company with a few gentlemen of leisure (for by the way this is the happiest spot on earth for loafing, there being nothing to do, comparatively) will answer all purposes. At this early hour they come trooping in, making such long stories that it is scarcely believed they come from points in the mountains ten and fifteen miles distant. It is

NEVERTHELESS A FACT,

and each one carries a basket of peaches or apples, seldom worth more than twenty-five cents each, and often only ten or fifteen. As labor is cheap, walking easy and inexpensive, the poor, for the most part, can be seen. Looking South lies Georgia and South Carolina, King's Mountain alone relieving the level table land scene, while West, North and East far away lie the everlasting mountain heights towering upward and forming, as it were, pillars for the sky above. From

point can be distinguished the celebrated High Falls of the Hickory Nut Gap, distant some 48 or 50 miles. Of course it is but a speck to the naked eye, and it is even doubtful if the object pointed out is in fact. Prominent in the distant view is the Pinnacle of the Blue Ridge, Black Mountain, Table Rock, Hawk's Bill, the Roan, (on the summit of which later is found the State line dividing N. C. and Tennessee) Grandfather and Grandmother, the last named are in Watauga and Mitchell Counties, the Brandy in Wilkes, Crowder's in Lincoln, and others.

from this point is acknowledged by good judges to surpass any other, for variety, and for the vast scope of country which can be seen. Looking South lies Georgia and South Carolina, King's Mountain alone relieving the level table land scene, while West, North and East far away lie the everlasting mountain heights towering upward and forming, as it were, pillars for the sky above. From

cooling letter is most highly favored by the beneficent hand of the breeze, and it is almost some day to find fortunes in the fruits of enterprising men. Even now attention is being directed to it, and there is no reason why these South Mountains will not at some day be made to supply the markets of the North with

FRUITS OF ALL KINDS,

such as peaches, pears, apples, grapes, strawberries, currants, etc., for nature has here set a line beyond which frost never invades. It is passing strange, that the head of man is idle, and the eye so blind, in view of such natural liberality. Talk not of the West, rich lands, etc., for there lack misuses and fevers in the breeze, together with discomforts unknown in this delightful mountain region, with its cool, clear water, bracing, invigorating atmosphere, and scenery, as gorgeous as any seen in the Italian skies. And besides the

LANDS ARE RICH

as heart can desire, and on which drought is seldom or never experienced. Nature has it might almost be said, exhausted herself here, and man is satisfied with such return as the least possible labor will give. Ambitious longings swell the fewest number of hearts. It is a fine country too, for stock raising, clover and grasses growing luxuriantly, or "luxuriantly" as a South Mountain small fruit grower expresses it, and thousands of acres are lying idle. But let us get off the mountain for the present, and descend to the valley, where too, one is impressed with the same lack of go-ahead-active-ness.

ALL DAY LONG

ascend the grateful incense of smoke wreaths, emitted from the mouths of happy Morgantonians, happy that so much has been done for them. Morganton is in a perpetual cloud of Durham smoke, drawn from Aunt Sallie's pipes, which are more common than costly Meerschaums. This pipe is manufactured out of some peculiar kind of colored clay, at the rate of a hundred per day by old Aunt Sallie—no round the corner Sallie, of whom the poet has written—and with no other machinery than her own deft fingers, and sell as fast as hot ginger cakes, for twenty-five cents per dozen. Happy smokers, now wrapped in wreaths of clouds, with no thought of the future! a change will come over the spirit of your dreams, however, when Aunt Sallie finishes her probation here, and stops the supply of pipes. Our sympathetic heart bleeds at the thought, for she is growing old, but hark, what is that which, stealing on the soft night air, dispels the clouds so lately encircling us? 'Tis sweet

BELLE MATONE,

rendered by the Morganton Court Band, practicing to-night in the venerable Court House. Thoughts of home troop through the mind, as the soft strains come in through the windows of our cosy room in the North-west corner of the Walton House, and it Sweet Belle has as much effect on mine host Mallow, as on his boarders, they will have more to do than common at the breakfast table in the morning. But no one will go back on it, however great the pile or variety, the breeze of this place enabling a man to do justice to his meals on all occasions.

A VERY ELEGANT MAYOR,

has Morganton, in Mr. Denis, who although a cripple from paralysis, moves about in a wheel chair, wherever his presence is needed. Fortunately he has but little to do, as the Treasury has been bankrupt for years, the tax-payers nearly all having claims against the corporation, and in consequence a very small tax is paid in.

AN ORGAK,

it is said, is needed here, and some say we might make something of it. It is doubtful, and might lead to difficulties, for a good one if made to articulate some wholesome truth loud enough to wake up a spirit of enterprise and energy, might have an extra stop put on it, not at all desirable to the builder or manufacturer. A new-piper would be a great help no doubt, and if properly conducted might produce a happy effect in aiding the development of a very rich country.

ONE OF THE BUSIEST MEN

here is Mr. McF. and yet so clever withal that he will spend whole days in giving a stranger all the history of the country or the many features of this portion of the country, and of which so very many have had limited ideas. And now reader with your leave, and certainly against our inclination, we must make preparation for an adieu to this place, and a retrograde movement which will take us home. So no more till Hickory is reached again.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Arrived at Hickory, Saturday 16th, and being kindly met by sunny Hickories, as clever people as can be found, have determined to take a little while with the good friends with whom we passed so many pleasant hours while on the way up. The house is full as usual, but Mr. Dean is equal to all emergencies, no one is turned away from his quarters, they are sure of accommodation, and of the best sort, and not the least of which is his growing table, which is always filled with the best, and cooked in the most approved fashion. On this occasion, the house is apparently filled to its utmost capacity—we have no idea that Mr. Dean thinks so, however—and among the company there are old widowers seeking wives, old bachelors, incorrigibly determined not to have wives, a number of married ladies, some of whom are proud and happy mothers, and in consequence, a quantity of interesting children; but alas, the circle is incomplete, for there are

NO CHARMING WIDOWS.

This is unaccountable, and many a sigh is choked back because they are not. On naming this cause of regret to a lady friend, we are told that there is no town in town, there is no time left now to place any in position, and as they are known to be always ready, it would be dangerous to make an attack without due preparation. We leave with regret, but notwithstanding the pleasures experienced, the friendships made, and we beg pardon if in the same category, the impressive chicken, muttering, etc., is mentioned, the thought of returning home and the meeting there remain as a source of regret. And, now reader, so much for this part of our wanderings, which for this part of the evening of old Hickory, and its rapid march, we will leave to the pen of the future. Let us put it to vote, all in favor of the "last" will please signify by saying "aye," to the contrary, "No." The ayes have it.

RUN OVER.—A colored man

was run over and killed on the Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta Railroad either Tuesday night or yesterday morning about twenty miles below the city. It is not known by which train he was killed, as three trains had passed before the body was found. The train cut him completely in two across the chest. A bottle of whiskey was found lying near the body. —*Union Herald*.

UNDER OR BELOW the earth is strept with the singular yet beautiful appearance of the granite with its thousands of fountains and channels which dot its face, and look more like cabbage patches or gardens, than large farms. Ever and anon, as the eye becomes accustomed to the novel view, takes in the different features, a house is discovered, a very small, that if the imagination is not apt well in hand, one might be led to fancy that there is the

LAND OF LILLIPUTS.

The town of Morganton is also seen, and very distinctly, but we cannot dwell on the beautiful view too long, and being warned beside by our courteous guide that the way down the mountain side—it is better to turn it inside, for the path is between the mountains—is fully as long as it was going up, and not so pleasant when evening shades appear, our party reluctantly prepared to descend, each turning while opportunity permitted to take another and another view—till "the last fond look" was made. Descending rapidly.

JAULT WAS MADE

at a clearing about a mile from the summit, at Mr. Lane's humble cot, and here the party were supplied with delicious buttermilk, rich, fresh, and cool, right from the spring, and thus refreshed the descent was continued, and happily the level reached ere the darkness in the gorge became too dark.

THE PLATEAU—

about thirty acres—on which are a number of oaks and the mineral spring—famous for its many virtues, and the number of cures effected—is at present only occupied by the gentleman and his family above named, and is a spot rich in natural beauties, and might be made one of the most charming watering places in the country. We have seen no place better calculated anywhere than this, and it is gratifying to state that it is intended by next summer, to improve the grounds and erect suitable buildings for the accommodation of the travelling public, now

NUMBERING THOUSANDS,

and who are scattered along the road, and filling every public, as well as private house from Statesville to Asheville, down to the Warm Springs on the French Broad, all running away from the malarious and chill counties of the East. Had there been any public accommodation at Glen Alpin, it is hard to say the world would have been made, and not a great benefit as well as pleasure. It is regretted that we neglected procuring an analysis of the water so highly esteemed, and which among other properties has the power of

HEALING CANCER,

a living witness to which lives near by.— Leaving the Glen and our hospitable and entertaining friends, Morganton is again made, and a day or two spent in luxurious "luxuriety," and inspired by the invigorating atmosphere, in building various

CASTLES IN THE AIR,

figuring at one time as a South Mountain fruit grower, with an extensive factory for packing fruit as well as for the manufacture of boxes, another as a successful stock raiser, with broad acres set in clover, blue grass, etc., and still another, as the possessor of a gold mine, full of "pockets," and valuable veins. Pleasant thoughts indeed, but which must be realized by others of more enterprise. Before bidding adieu to this ancient town, we found a visit to the office of

MR. RUFUS MORGAN,

scenic photographer, full of interest and pleasure. He is not only an intelligent gentleman, but a fine artist, and is reaping a handsome reward from the fruits of his genius and energy. He has been engaged for some time, in taking views of all the various points of attraction in Western N. C., and has on hand a large stock, the extensive assortment being daily renewed in consequence of the numerous orders, constantly being received, and increased beside by the addition of new views. With his assistance we have made a selection of some of his most

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES,

and on our return home will place them in reach of our friends and readers, that they may have the pleasure of viewing some of the many features of this portion of the country, and of which so very many have had limited ideas. And now reader with your leave, and certainly against our inclination, we must make preparation for an adieu to this place, and a retrograde movement which will take us home. So no more till Hickory is reached again.

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New & Miscellaneous.

3,000 CASES BOOTS AND SHOES FOR FALL TRADE.

We are now receiving from the Manufacturers a very large and well selected Stock of BOOTS, SHOES AND TRUNKS of every description, which will be sold as low as in any other Market.

Merchants visiting Charleston are invited to examine our Stock.

D. F. FLEMING & CO.,
2 HAYNE STREET, CORNER OF CHURCH STREET.

SAMUEL A. NELSON,
Aug. 27, 31-1m.

NOTICE.

KOSCIUSKO LODGE, No. 22, I. O. G. T. All members are requested to be present on next Thursday evening, the 28th inst., as the 2d and 3d degrees will be conferred on all members who have not taken said degrees.
A. A. NATHAN, W. S.
Aug. 27, 31-1m.

TO RENT.

We will Rent to an approved Tenant, our handsomely fitted up Millinery Rooms over the store. For further particulars apply at the store.
R. C. SHIVER & CO.
Aug. 27, 31-1m.

AUCTION SALE.

ON CONSIGNMENT, and will be sold on Saturday in September, THIRTY BARRELS EXTRA FAMILY FLOUR, and THREE BARRELS MOUNTAIN FINE CORN WHISKY. A fine chance for bargains.
J. P. KINARD,
Auc. and Com. Merchant.
Aug. 27, 31-1m.

GREENVILLE HIGH SCHOOL.

THE NEXT SESSION OF THIS SCHOOL will open on the 1ST OF SEPTEMBER. For Catalogues, giving full information, address the undersigned at Greenville, S. C.
JOHN B. PATRICK,
Aug. 27, 31-2m.

DUE WEST FEMALE COLLEGE.

Fifteenth Year Opens Oct. 6th.

Tuition \$20 a Session.
Board \$15 per month, including fuel and washing.
Send for a Catalogue.
J. I. BONNER,
Aug. 27, 31-2m.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

The business heretofore conducted under the name and style of M. Nathan & Son, in consequence of the death of the senior partner, will be conducted in the future under my own name, and all the liabilities of the concern assumed by me. All parties indebted will make payment by the 10th September.

Thankful for the patronage extended the firm in the past, I respectfully ask a continuance of the same to myself, and promise to render such satisfaction as will be acceptable to a generous public.
A. A. NATHAN,
Successor to M. Nathan & Son.
Aug. 27, 31-1m.

THE MARSHALL,

Man who will sell you goods low down is

OF NEWBERRY

It must be said, "where you can buy goods cheap if you go to L. R. M. and purchase." If you are

TO BE MARRIED SOON

Buy your sweetmeats and other table fixings from him.
Aug. 27, 31-1m.

THE WALTON HOUSE,

MORGANTON, N. C.

JNO. C. MALLARD, PROPRIETOR.

First-class Livery Stable in connection with the House.
Aug. 27, 31-3m.

Third Quarterly Report of the Town Treasurer, Ending 12th August, 1873.

RECEIVED.
On hand end 2d Quarter.....\$ 30 00
St. Exempt Tax..... 101 00
Fines..... 21 00
Licenses..... 70 00

Total.....\$252 00
PAID OUT.
Street Duty.....\$225 60
Police Duty..... 24 00
Merchants Accounts..... 20 00
Sundries..... 9 95

Total.....\$279 55
Balance on hand.....\$16 05
Respectfully submitted,
O. L. SCHUMPERT,
Aug. 27, 31-1m.

SEND FOR THE BEST !!

MORGAN'S STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS

OF SOUTHERN SCENERY!

Cotton Fields, Negro Groups, Swamp Views, AND THE FINEST Mountain Scenery in America.

Scenes Peculiar to the South and Never Before Published.

FOR SALE AT THE PRINCIPAL BOOK STORES.

PUBLISHED BY RUFUS MORGAN, MORGANTON, N. C.

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